An ODE, *ſet to Muſick, and Sung at the* Sheriffs-*Feaſt, before the Nobility and Gentry, by Mr.* Hughes *and Mr.* Leveridge, *at* Merchant-Taylors-Hall, March *the 25th*, 1712.

DESCEND *Urania*, haſte deſcend,
Great *ANNA*'s Glories now attend;
Bring all thy bright harmonious Choir,
And touch thy ſelf thy warbling Lyre.
Raiſe aloud thy Heav'nly Voice,
And crown the Peoples Loyal Joys:
The Golden Age, with downy Feet
And ſmiling Face, returns;
Euſebia now no longer mourns:
Paſt are Her Fears,
And dry'd Her Tears,
Her Sons now guide the Helm of State.

AUGUSTA raiſes up Her Head
Like op'ning Flowers after Rain,
Around Her Joys in Triumph ſpread,
Joys are ſweeteſt after Pain.
The Silver *Thames* his Golden Tides
In pleaſing Murmurs rolls along,
With grateful Lays He, as he glides,
Joins with *AUGUSTA* in Her Song.
Their Song, with double Force, they raiſe
To *ANNA*'s and *Euſebia*'s Praiſe;
To ſee this Bright Aſſembly here
Where Heroes of the Age appear,
To celebrate this Happy Day,
When *ANNA* and *Euſebia* ſway.
Iö ANNA! live long, and *Euſebia* defend,
Iö ANNA! live long, that our Joys may not end.

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